

## The Times-Dispatch

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Persons leaving the city for the summer should order The Times-Dispatch mailed to them. Price, 50 cents per month.

## THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

The whiskey question is now claiming the attention of medical science and students of penology the world over. It is generally agreed that whiskey is a fruitful source of crime and of insanity. By order of the United States government a report of the proceedings of the Sixth International Prison Congress, held in Brussels two years ago, has just been published, in which it is stated that as an immediate and essential influence on crime, drinking exceeds any of the other recognized causes.

Dr. Robert Jones, medical superintendent of the Claybury Lunatic Asylum at London, recently made an exhibit, showing that of the 10,000 certified insane persons now in England and Wales alone, alcohol is assigned as the cause of insanity in 21.5 per cent. of the males and 9.5 per cent. of the females.

Taking this statement for a text, the New York Medical Record says that almost every country in the world is taking up the drink question, alarmed at the increase which the unbridled consumption of alcohol has made and is making into the prosperity, health and morals of their people.

But more than all this, business men are insisting that their employees must be sober, knowing full well that the man who keeps his brain bedazzled with alcohol is in no condition to do first-class work.

Society is also taking a hand, and while there is much drinking in social circles, in the best society of the country drunkenness is not tolerated.

All of this goes to show that true temperance is making rapid strides, and the danger to be feared is the over-zeal of the advocates of prohibition. The reform movement is progressing in a satisfactory manner, and it will continue to progress on to work itself out, if it be guided by conservative men. But if it run into extremes; if it be pushed ahead of public sentiment, there will be an unhealthy reaction, and the noble cause will receive a serious setback. The true remedy for the drink evil is an enlightened public conscience, and that is to be had by a campaign of education. Regulations of law are necessary, but they should be the expression of public sentiment. Whenever we attempt the other process of creating sentiment by law, we attempt to put the cart before the horse, and we are sure to fail.

## BY-GONE DAYS.

A suggestion has been made that our "oldest inhabitants" should form a club for the purpose of reviving their recollections of by-gone days, and setting straight matters of fact that are but dimly understood, or else are altogether unknown to the general public.

It is a good idea. In the first place, it seems to us that Richmond has an extraordinary number of citizens who are seventy-five years of age and over, and it happens that several of these have lived lives and filled positions that gave them uncommonly good opportunities to become acquainted with important details of local history. Most men can make themselves entertaining by relating the experiences of their youth, and those who have long dwelt in Richmond have had a fine field for observation and for the gathering of reminiscences. If they would get together now and then and talk informally—if they would interchange questions and answers—an expert stenographer might fill his note-book with valuable information for publication.

Suppose we had had such a club in the days of Judge W. W. Crump, and that he and others of his stamp had chatted along reminiscently evening after evening, what a treasure-house of local story might we not have had with the aid of a good shorthand reporter!

Much that those worthies knew has been lost with them, but that only makes it all the more important that we should preserve what remains.

There are some highly interesting men among the "oldest inhabitants." Are we to permit them to carry all their knowledge to the grave with them? We need not expect them to "write out" their reminiscences. Some of them have no experience with the pen; others have not the time or strength to devote to composition; besides it is necessary that they should come together to assist one

another's recollections. Oftentimes a hint, or question, or casual remark would lead to a train of thought, or to a line of anecdote, that would prove delightful.

As we have said, those who have spent many years of their lives here have had great opportunities for storing away valuable reminiscences, and they ought to be made to tell what they know. To effect that end, we know of no better method than that which has been suggested—to wit, meetings and reminiscence talks of men whose memories carry them back into the romantic and eventful period before the war.

Is not such an organization practicable? Is it not desirable? Why, certainly! Then why not have it?

## COTTON IS KING.

Statistics recently sent out by the Treasury Bureau in Washington show that the value of raw cotton exported in the eleven months ended with May is \$308,747,085, which is \$5,000,000 in excess of the highest record. Should the June figures equal those of June, 1902, the total value of the fiscal year will be \$317,000,000, or \$4,000,000 in excess of the banner year, 1901.

The quantity is less, however, than in some other years. The total quantity exported in the eleven months ended with May is 3,451,353,287 pounds, as against 2,968,621,478 pounds in the corresponding months of 1901, when the value was but \$50,000,000 less than at the present time, and 3,721,310,000 pounds in eleven months of 1898, when the value was but \$22,414,150. Thus the total quantity at the present time is 240,000,000 pounds less than that of the corresponding eleven months of 1898, but the value is \$56,000,000 in excess of the value for the corresponding period of that year.

The value of cotton manufactures exported has also increased, and this year will be a record breaker. The total value of cotton manufactures exported in the ten months ended with April is \$27,832,559, indicating that the total for the full fiscal year probably will be about \$34,000,000, as against \$33,000,000 in 1902, \$24,000,000 in 1901, \$10,000,000 in 1900, \$10,000,000 in 1899, \$10,000,000 in 1898 and \$4,000,000 in 1897.

But there is one feature of the report that is not so encouraging. It is further stated that the importations of foreign cotton, chiefly Egyptian, are growing with remarkable rapidity, the importations in the present year being likely to reach 80,000,000 pounds, to which may be added 20,000,000 pounds of "locks," or cotton waste, with a total valuation of about \$12,000,000, as against \$4,000,000 pounds of raw cotton and 78,000 pounds of waste imported in 1898, valued at less than \$5,000,000.

The South has had practically a monopoly of the cotton growing industry, and will continue to supply at least the home demand for raw cotton so long as the supply from the plantations is abundant and cheap. But when the supply is not equal to the demand, and especially when the price is abnormally high, Southern planters may look out for foreign competition.

## COMMERCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY.

Mr. J. P. Morgan is reported to have said that if Mr. Roosevelt should be nominated for the presidency next year it would be impossible to raise \$10,000 for his re-election.

Of course, the Republican newspapers are pool-pooling the statement, and while it may be exaggerated, we have no doubt that there is much truth in it. We know well enough that many men in financial circles who were opposed to Mr. Bryan are now opposed to Mr. Roosevelt, and are hoping and praying that the Democrats will put up a safe, conservative man in whose behalf they may throw their influence, and so put Roosevelt out of office.

It may be contended that this is commercialism. But commercialism necessarily plays a part in all of our national elections, and politicians must reckon with it. It is hardly necessary to say that The Times-Dispatch would not have the Democratic party renounce its principles in behalf of commercialism, but The Times-Dispatch would have the Democratic party promulgate a platform containing sound commercial principles, principles which are entirely in accord with the principles of the party a man in whose hands the commercial interests of the land would be safe. If the party will do this thing it will have an opportunity to get control of all departments of government, and if after getting control it will pursue the same policy it will continue its rule for many years to come.

## WAS ALEXANDER A HERO?

Stephen Bonsal has written for the New York Herald an interesting article on the assassination of the Serbian King and Queen, which sheds a new light upon the character of King Alexander. He knew the boy King well, and admired him greatly, and he asserts that he died the death of a hero and a gentleman.

"To us," says he, "it may seem as nothing in the land where manhood is common, and the reverse rare, but the political world of Belgrade to-day, with its close acquaintance with every variety of business, is staggered by the nobility of the boy King, who, when the written promise to put away the wife who had blighted his whole life was presented for his signature, refused to submit, and for that refusal, and perhaps only for that, was put to death by the human bloodhounds, whose lust for indiscriminate slaughter has appalled the world."

There seems to be little doubt that Queen Draga was a corrupt woman, and that she exercised direful and dominating influence over her young husband. It may be, therefore, that his sacrifice was made through fear of his spouse, but we are willing to give the young man the benefit of the doubt, and if Mr. Bonsal's story is true, King Alexander deserves to be honored as one of the bright and particular knights of latter day chivalry.

Some of the newspapers are saying that while the South's representative song "Dixie" is all right so far as the inspiring air goes, the words are ridiculous, and that a new southern song should be written to the tune of "Dixie."

The words are not such as a cultivated southern man would have written, but they are not altogether ridiculous. They have a meaning and the sentiment of the song is all right. There is affection in almost every line, and the words and

the air are so intimately associated that the southern people will never consent to a change, even though the finest poet in the land should write new words.

"I wish I was in Dixie"—that is the theme of the song and it is full of pithy and patriotic.

The season is early for it and the weather is cooler than usually accompanies the visit of the sea serpent, but one has just been reported "seen." Second Mate Gray, of the steamer Treco, which lately arrived in Philadelphia, says that ninety miles north of Cape Hatteras he saw a school of sharks running wildly. Behind them seemed to be a derelict. The Treco steamed up towards it, when they were horrified by its raising its neck fifteen feet above the water. It was a hundred feet long, with a body like a snake and a head like a dragon. It turned around and looked at the Treco, and then made off, leaving a stifling odor.

Mate Gray is backed up in this story by the captain and other officers of the ship, and it is stated that they are all prepared to make affidavit, corroborating the mate. However, nobody has asked them to do so. Why should any affidavits be needed? Hasn't this sea serpent been seen over and over?

The Williamsburg Gazette says that "every day the courthouse green is covered with a crowd of lolling boys, mostly colored. They are large enough to do a good day's work, and thereby earn money to support themselves. Their mothers and sisters are cooking or washing to feed them."

Boys who are reared in this way, whether they be white or colored, are being educated for the workshop or the penitentiary. Idleness is the devil's workshop.

The Gazette thinks that the Council should take a hand in the matter and disperse the loafers. Undoubtedly so. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

It is said that a tar-macadam roadway is almost dustless. If so, it would suit Richmond admirably. Dust has full swing here. We know of no other place that dries more quickly after a rain, or where dust rises easier or travels faster. When we reach the time when our city is ready to undertake a general street improvement, we shall move that the tar-macadam be given a trial. What we want is a roadbed that will stick, and not pulverize under cart wheels, and fly away on the wings of the wind.

The Board of Visitors is a very dignified body, and may take much time to give the University a president, but when it does get down to business it will select a good one. There is little fear about that.

A dispatch gravely informs us that "the President's patience with Columbia is almost exhausted." We all know what happened when the President lost his patience with that New England motor-man.

Virginia did not have near so much trouble finding a first President for the United States as she is experiencing in selecting the first president of her University.

The strikers that have had the Chicago restaurant closed as tight as a steel trap are limbering up, and the Chicagoans do not now have to send to St. Louis for sandwiches.

St. Louis is not selfish. She is encouraging county fairs in Missouri and Illinois as feeders to her big show of next year.

After all, the loveliness of the June bride is due in some measure to the expertness of the tired dressmaker.

Some mutin-headed prophet has hailed off and predicted early frosts for next fall. O! for a General Dix to shoot him on the spot.

According to the Boston Globe, the New England drought is not yet broken, but just cracked.

A railway line will soon fringe the famous river, and Jordan will no longer be a hard road to travel.

And now the cloudbursts are hovering over the hills of Oregon and Montana, and, as usual, doing a lot of damage.

Strike or no strike: That is the question. Everybody except the sprinters are wishing for no strike.

It is sometimes easier to select a President of the United States than a president of a State University.

Virginia's Corporation Commission is threatening to make New Jersey take a back seat in the charter exchange.

Overcoats comfortable in June. Strange things are happening in old Virginia.

It is Klagewegsch on no more, but Peter I. Thanks for that much relief.

Colonel Slem is now the Virginia explainer of "de pervisions ob de bill."

With a Comment or Two. Greensboro enjoys the distinction of being the first town to have a husband swear the peace against his wife. He says he is afraid she will do him bodily harm.—Greensboro Record.

That town of Greensboro has always had a reputation for its nervy men. The Richmond Times-Dispatch vows that if they ever get over the present deluge that paper will never again complain of drought. Our contemporary should remember the old couple, beginning, "When the devil was sick, and not make any rash promises.—Montgomery Advertiser.

The advice is accepted with thanks. According to the dispatches, the lynching of a negro teacher in Hellen, Ill., at midnight on Saturday took place in the presence of 1,500 persons, "many of whom were women." Strange to say, Northern editors give little space to the affair and do not appear to be in the least excited.—Macon Telegraph.

Nothing strange about it. Negro lynchings are getting to be so common in the North they have ceased to excite. That five hundred distillery storekeepers will lose their jobs in North Carolina at the close of this month is hard on them, and the U. S. P. of the State, this is one of the most unfortunate acts of the enactment of the Watta law.—Winston-Salem Sentinel.

Not so hard on them. They will just lose the distilleries to Virginia, and keep right on drawing their per diem.

## Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

The Farmville Herald says: Congressmen Flood is reported as saying that Senator Martin, like Senator Daniel, has a "wally" over him. In the contrary it's going to be a lively race as even the old-time Virginians witnessed at Broad Rock. Montague and Braxton are thoroughbreds and no man can beat them in a walk.

The Norfolk County Democrat sees fun ahead. It says: On the whole the next campaign for the Governorship promises to be quite as warm and exciting as the last with the chances in favor of its ending in a tie for all in the convention, for it is not likely that any one candidate will secure a majority of the delegates.

The Charlottesville Progress, speculating on what may be a result of the halting for president of the University, says: "If, therefore, the selection of the board seems to us a calamity or misfortune, we should rush in and avert it. It seems to us, however, that we should brace it up. We should be true and loyal in our support of the institution and the future success of the institution is assured."

The Potomac Progress throws up this bid: The recent experiences that other States have had with floods and storms, and the previous records of such happenings in these localities, should call attention to Virginia, and especially to this section of Virginia, where floods and serious results have never been known by any living person.

The Fredericksburg Star wants a kind of double-barreled glorious Fourth. It says: The Barksdale bill goes into effect on July 1st. If it was July 1st, instead of July 4th, it would celebrate the Declaration of Independence and the declaration of non-corruption contained in the bill.

## A Few Foreign Facts.

The completion of the Nile works has resulted in a saving to the Egyptian government of \$4,000,000.

The number of murders per million population is 5.13 in England, 5.45 in Germany, 11.65 in France, 15.42 in Austria, 16.11 in Italy and 4.79 in Spain.

The number of young men leaving Austria and Hungary is so great, that the government of both countries are making strenuous efforts to stop it.

The Braun-Stemmen system of wireless telegraphy has been tested on moving railway trains in Germany. The messages proved absolutely reliable.

It is said that the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, which are said to be used to develop electrical energy, have an estimated horsepower of 1,500,000 as compared with Niagara's 600,000.

The largest airplane yet constructed is to be built at St. Ouen. It has been designed by Senor Raymond, who has received a subsidy from the Brazilian government for the purpose.

The imports of the countries grouped in the Balkan League are about a distributing point amount to \$100,000,000 a month, of which the United States supplies but one-tenth.

## North Carolina Sentiment.

The Raleigh Post makes this note: Our Georgia contemporaries are laughing at the report that while in that State last week the Governor of North Carolina, who has been Governor of North Carolina, ought to be right in the push. North Carolina is second only to Kentucky as a tobacco growing State, and second only to Missouri as a tobacco manufacturing State.

The Raleigh News-Observer offers this riddle: Within the past week this paper has printed on its society page five separate announcements of North Carolina extending from Europe to spend the summer. Are we getting rich or what prompts us to go abroad?

The Wilmington Star is getting frightened. It says: Should the Republican party remain in power ten years longer an investigation will have to be instituted to ascertain who stole the White House.

The Charlotte Chronicle says: Mr. Cleveland never crosses bridges until he gets to them. He has no more to say about the talk of making him president of the University of Virginia than he has about the talk of making him the nominee of his party for the next presidential race.

## DAILY FASHION HINTS.

## GIRL'S PLEATED FROCK.

Box-pleated effects in girls' dresses continue in favor. Dresses in this mode are especially appropriate for this season's wash materials. The box pleats, extending from neck to hem, are especially attractive. The dress is fastened in the front and may be worn with a patent-leather, silk or belt of the same material as the dress. If desired, a lace collar may add to the attractiveness of this simple little dress.

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## LIFE FOR LIFE

By COL. RUSHFORD THIBEAU,

Author of "Nabobs and Knaves," "Sailed Lips," "Blue Blood and Red," Etc., Etc. Copyright by Author.

## CHAPTER III.

## CAPTAIN VAN HAUSEN.

With anchor tripped and rounded and sheets hauled home, just as daybreak brought into relief the rugged rocks and reefs which guard the entrance to the harbor of Amoy, the Nord Brandt crept out into the long, steady swell of the China Sea. There she caught a fresh land breeze and bore away northward, all unconscious that she was speeding to her fate.

It was Walton's first breathing spell after getting the big under way, and as he came down from the larboard forecastle he encountered Ben Logan, their first opportunity for words since boarding.

"What do you say now, Ben?" he demanded softly, drawing the seaman to him.

Ben grinned half-dimly. "I say we're in for better or worse, lad. I like a lubber married," he replied.

"I reckon the crew is as sure as I'm foggy as the chances about one thing."

"What's that, Ben?"

"There's petticoats aboard."

"The devil you say!" muttered Archie, with quickened interest.

"I say I got it from yonder blatherskite in the galley. They came aboard afore we did."

"That's strange!"

"Your head's not the only one with that in it," vouchsafed Ben. "From what I heard aloft, none of the lads looked for the like, and none of them like it. Women has sharp eyes and limber tongues, and jacks with brains."

"But Walton's chances again them odds. Avast, lad! Here's the mate!"

The approach of their friend of the previous night cut short their discussion, and he greeted them with a shrug and a laugh.

"We're off, lads," said he. "I've told Van Hausen about you, and it's all to his liking. But he's in a bit of a bad humor this morning."

"I've put you two in the same watch, as being most to your liking."

"Thanks, sir, thanks," said Ben, twirling his forelock. "We're both pleased, sir, my friend and I."

But Walton's gaze was turned at, and his mind was with doubtful misgivings upon the occupants of the cabin. The presence of women did not seem consistent with the contemplated desperate venture, and he more than wished himself out of it. And the dark looks on the faces of some of the crew, who were a rough set of men of mixed nationalities, indicated that Walton was not alone with such sentiments.

Before the sun was fairly into the heavens, the perfect day of which the dawn had given promise underwent a change. The wind, slapping the sails aback, and presently died away to mere catpaws at infrequent intervals. The sun lost its blinding dazzle in a bank of gray clouds, becoming first a copper-hued ball in the north, and then vanishing entirely, while the low line of shore grew indistinct, and the horizon to the south and west was gradually veiled by a slow rising mist, which threatened to shut in the entire sweep of placid sea.

Through the close and humid atmosphere one sail only was at that time visible. A way off to the southwest, nearly hull down, a schooner carrying two masts, was bearing to the northeast. As the wind abated and the fog threatened to close in the view, she shook out her topsails also and veered to a point west of north, on a course that should intercept the Nord Brandt at a later hour. But this sail, too, was lost long before noon.

She had seemed to occasion rather more than a cursory interest in the mind of Lieutenant Vail, who had come on deck immediately after breakfast and fell to watching her with clouded eyes. This had continued for some time, the young man's nerves being only too ready to be excited by the Nord Brandt's commander, Captain Van Hausen, hope up the companionway.

He was a rough, red-bearded man, in middle life, evidently Dutch or German, and carried in his countenance a nature not inviting opposition. Perhaps this was then accentuated by recent events, which had occasioned the ill-humor his mate had mentioned, for he at once approached Vail, scowling grimly, and growled:

"Come down here, Lieutenant! I've something to say to you!"

Vail started slightly, but without misgivings followed the speaker to the waist-deck. At the name, Archie Walton was ordered to relieve the man at the wheel.

Having led his companion out of probable hearing from the cabin, Van Hausen at once came down to the deck, and, because of his murdered English, which is here expurgated:

"You're a Lieutenant in the British navy, I hear, and relieved from the War Hawk?"

"I am, yes!"

"Well, I'm d-d sorry for it!"

"A quick frown settled about the officer's eyes, in which a gleam of vague apprehension instantly appeared; and he demurred, half in his throat:

"Because in taking passage on the Nord Brandt, you have put yourself and your women in a bad box. Lieutenant! Don't think this favor was accorded willingly. My vessel is just now chartered by the Chinese government, with which your infernal commander had sufficient influence to procure you this passage, which the Chinese did not permit of my refusing without self-betrayal."

"Betrayal of what, Captain Van Hausen?"

"Of the fact that we have smuggled arms aboard, which we mean to sell to the rebel army," said Van Hausen, bluntly.

Vail started slightly, then smiled. "I appreciate the situation now," said he. "A refusal to take us as passengers, the mention of the government having been secured, would have aroused the government's suspicion. Of course, of course! Yes, I now appreciate the situation, Captain Van Hausen."

"O, you do, eh! And what have you to say?"

"Merely that it is no affair of mine, sir," replied Vail, indifferently. "I am, in fact, sorry you even mentioned it. I have no pleasure in betraying my country, and I am sorry to have my name connected with a lurcher by neglect, before arriving in Shanghai, and to send them inland with a part of your

crew by the Yangtze-kiang. Is that it?"

"Aye, that is it! And the question is, will you close your eyes to the whole business?"

"Suppose I do not, sir?"

"Then," and Van Hausen vented an ugly oath; "they'll be closed in a way you will not like, and closed for keeps! Your women, who are bound for England, will not know what is done aboard the Nord Brandt, by night! But you, who will return to duty here—"

"Pardon, Captain Van Hausen!" interposed Vail, with a slight curl of his lip. "This design of yours and your crew is no affair of mine. Pray don't let my presence interfere with it. You may fear my curiosity, and so assure your crew, that I shall wink at the whole affair. All I ask of you, Captain Van Hausen, is to let me and my companions safely in Melbourne. I give you my word that, on my return to duty, I shall know absolutely nothing of what may have transpired any night aboard the Nord Brandt."

"If I can rely upon your word—"

"Sir, the word of an English naval officer is always reliable."

"Then, by heaven, the box may not be so bad after all!"

Under Vail's dignified assurances, Captain Van Hausen had relaxed in a marked degree. A subdued discussion followed, which evidently proved satisfactory to both, for the latter presently took the young officer's arm and led him forward, and into conversation with the mate and several of the crew. But in the making of his promises, Vail knew more than any truth which might transpire ere the close of another day.

Meantime Archie Walton had repaired to the wheel, and saved himself the after deck was deserted. Without knowledge of the matter, he had welcomed this duty which took him with a view of the cabin, but his vague curiosity as to what the female passengers were like was not immediately gratified. A glance down the companion showed that the cabin was vacant, and there being scarce air to breathe, he went to the fore-cabin, where he found the situation into which he too impulsively had plunged, and which was destined to shape his entire future career.

Emily emerged from her stateroom a little later, where Lady Somers still was in her berth, both having taken their coffee before retiring. As she came out, pretty, with the fleece of her wavy hair lending a golden glow to her sweet face and the graceful contour of her perfect figure accentuated by a close traveling dress of silver gray. She would have climbed the companion stairs, when suddenly observing the man dreaming at the wheel, she hesitated, a little startled.